

The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, APRIL 11, 1868.

No. XXXII.

Editors of the Present Number :

J. P. ROGERS,

J. C. KEENEY,

THE "SCHOLASTIC YEAR" is devoted to the Interests of the Students, and will be issued weekly, at \$2 50 per annum, payable in advance.

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Contributions must always be accompanied with name of author, otherwise no attention will be given to them.

All business Letters should be addressed to

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Notre Dame, Ind.

REV. A. LEMONNIER, S. S. C., Director.

LENT.

Fasting is an old institution. The Apostles considered it quite the thing for their times, and the early Christians, we learn from reliable authority, were under the impression that fasting, having been established by the Apostles in the Church, and having the sanction of our Blessed Redeemer who fasted for forty days, was worthy of being observed by them. Several of the Prophets fasted forty days, and all the chosen people of God had a way of fasting when they wanted to manifest real sorrow for their transgressions of the law. Some of the old fogies of Greece, too, had a notion that fasting was good, if not for the soul—which they knew very little about—at least for the body and for the mind. If Eve had had better defined and more orthodox views on the subject, it is evident that we would be better off now than we are in these hard times. By not obeying the very easy fast prescribed, she lost the lease that had been given her in the garden of Paradise, and we lost our fee simple title that we would have had, had she fasted.

It seems to be the general belief, nowadays, of all non-Catholics and of quite a number of Catholics too, that the fast of forty days, called Lent, is "played out." I do not believe so myself, and one motive for my belief is, that there is no play

about it, consequently it can't play out. To be sure, non-Catholics play shy of it altogether, and many Catholics play off the weak-stomach game to get rid of it. These, all, stick to their roast, their boil, their beefsteaks and porksteaks, in fact go the "whole animal" in Lent as well as in other times, and consider a full supper as one of the inalienable rights of the human stomach. But Mother Church still comes down firm, and thinks that her children are every bit as much bound to fast now as they were in the time of the Apostles. The statistics of the human race do not show a decrease in the number of times the commandments are roughly dealt with; they do demonstrate to her that sin has notably decreased—far different; and, therefore, with true maternal love she trains up her children in the way they should go, and tells them that penance is as necessary now as it was when the world hadn't progressed so much.

It is very true that she takes into consideration the immense progress of the human race in the art of enfeebling itself; she knows that people are getting so smart that every man is his own doctor, or gets some one to doctor him,—and that to such a degree that all are becoming physically weaker and weaker in each succeeding generation; she takes into consideration that men have not now the robust strength of the men of lang syne; that as they increase in material civilization their artificial wants increase, and that they are not able to fast so vigorously as their forefathers and foremothers in the faith did. She has therefore mitigated the severity of Lent, but sticks to the principle, "unless you do penance you shall perish," just as sturdily as the staunchest non-Catholic or the weakest Catholic sticks to his pork or beef seven times a week at dinner, and to his mutton-chop or "'am and heggs" at breakfast.

We do not pretend to defend the Church by

bringing forward arguments to show that she is right in observing the fast. Of course she is right. Every son thinks his mother is right,—and we sons of the Church have the advantage of being certain that our Mother Holy Church is always right. When she commands us—hearty, strong, robust children—to fast, we do fast, just because we love to obey her; or we do not fast because, like with naughty children, our liking for a good breakfast gets the better of our filial affection—which is not saying much for the strength of our affection;—still we know that we are doing wrong, and it takes quite an amount of beef-eating to smother the voice of conscience which tells us plainly “we had’nt ought to.”

It may be all very well for non-Catholics to graciously allow, with patronizing air and condescending tone, that the Church, “with all her faults, &c,” has shown a great deal of wisdom in establishing Lent, and in having placed it in the season of the year she has. Of course she is wise in this, as in all things, and though we may feel a little ruffled at the patronizing manner this is admitted, yet right glad are we, for their sake, that they do perceive the wisdom of the Church in this case, and we give them credit for their penetration;—but that a Catholic should fast because it is “good for his health,” and perhaps saves him a doctor’s bill for purgations he would have to take, did he not fast, would be a motive not very creditable to his “bringing-up.”

No, we fast—Catholics, I mean—because the Church tells us to do so: we know that he who does not hear the Church—obey her—is not worthy of her,—is to be considered as a heathen and a publican. Now, though we are republicans, nationally speaking, not politically,—though we may be so politically also,—we have no ambition to become publicans nor heathens. Our great aim is to be worthy sons of the Church; then, we know, we shall be honest men, good citizens and excellent neighbors.

These reflections came into my mind after I had listened to the joyous Alleluia at the end of Mass on Holy Saturday, and had heard the sound of the whole peal of bells, swelled to magnificent proportions by the voice of the Big Bell, at the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*,—the sound filled the church and was wafted by the soft wind of spring over St. Joseph County, and far beyond. The alleluia, the full diapason of the organ, and the mighty voice of the bells announced not only the coming of the great festival of Easter—the Resurrection of

our Lord—but also proclaimed the end of Lent. And I, poor sinner though I be, and one having a horror of dyspepsia—was right glad I could take my breakfast without going counter to a command of the good Mother I love very much, though, mayhap, I do not always obey her—so much the worse for me. Next year, should I live,—and let us hope, kind reader, that you and I may both be alive and kicking, and able to fast,—I shall try to keep Lent in spite of the protestations of the age and stomach, because Mother Church commands it.

In Days Gone By.

In days gone by I loved to sit
Beside the cheerful hearth,
And listen to a laughing voice
That filled my soul with mirth.

It was the voice of one, whose mind
Was rich in every grace;
Of one whose pure and candid heart
Diffused a soothing peace.

The hours flew by on rapid wing
As we sat side by side,
And talked, as friends are wont to talk
When each in each confide.

At eve we sat around the board
And joined the lively game;
We heeded not ambition’s strife
Nor dreamt of wealth nor fame;

For happiness the moments crowned
With friendship’s garland fair;
And we would not exchange our lot
For all earth’s treasures rare.

And we were wise; for earth has not
A treasure of such price
That it would buy the joys we feel
In friendships of our choice.

XENOS.

Wandering on the Wings of the Wind.

One day whilst reading a history, I commenced a train of thoughts from which I was awakened by a gentle zephyr playing upon my face. I looked up, and beheld standing near me a being of surpassing beauty, dressed in snowy garments, with a diadem upon his head; a flood of light surrounded him, and by his wings I saw that he was an angel. I became so amazed at the sight that I was unable to utter a word. He spoke and told me that he was sent from God to be my protecting spirit, and that, by a special favor, he was permitted to appear to me once, and if I were willing, to accompany me around the world. Expressing willingness, we were im-

mediately lifted from the earth and carried high into the air. Beneath us we beheld nature in all her beauty. Here and there art appeared in the shape of cities, villages, and temples. Hurrying along at a rapid rate, "we tarried not over the corrupt atmosphere of large cities," where vice and crime reigned; nor yet on mountain peak, where the pure air had never been sanctified by virtue, but we remained a few moments over villages whose healthy atmosphere, mingling with purity and innocence, rose like incense to heaven. The wind bore us on over mountains and oceans, valleys and lakes, picturesque landscapes and varied sceneries. At length we arrived above the Eternal City. Here we lingered some hours amidst the shades of the past and the realities of the present. With what mingled feelings we gazed on that vast mass of crumbling stone and mortar, the amphitheater, in which vice was displayed in all its hideousness, and that glorious work of man which he offered as a tribute to his Creator. We gazed upon that temple which was once dedicated to the heathen gods, but which is now under the patronage of the saints of heaven. My companion thus addressed me: "O mortal, behold the city which was once the seat of paganism, and the focus of all crimes. From here thousands of martyrs took their flight to God. Behold, I say, and compare its present with its past. God has destined Rome, the scene of so many persecutions, to be the centre of His holy religion. Here He has placed His Vicar, and here he will remain, in spite of the demon and his abettors." After he had spoken, we continued our journey towards Loretto. Having arrived there, we descended unseen into the once humble house of our Divine Redeemer and His holy Mother. Here my companion prostrated himself before the most adorable Sacrament, and remained in that position for some minutes. I followed his example, and adored my God. We then arose and wandered about for several days, over oceans, vast fields, battle-grounds, and grave-yards. Wherever we beheld a cathedral or church, my companion bowed his head and murmured a prayer. At last we came in sight of the Holy Land. We remained a short time at Bethlehem, and visited the Crib of our Saviour, then we proceeded towards Jerusalem. As we came in sight of that Holy City, my companion commenced in a plaintive and sweet voice to sing the lamentation which our Divine Redeemer let fall from His lips, when He beheld the ungrateful city which He had so dearly loved. He

sang it so mournfully and with such a sweet cadence, that if the cold unbelievers could have heard him, they would surely have been converted. We descended in silence to the earth. It was then midnight; darkness veiled all things and stillness reigned over the city. Being accompanied by a spirit, I was enabled to see as much as if it were daylight. My companion spoke not a word, until we came to the house where our Saviour ate His last supper. "Here," said my companion, "the sufferings of our Lord's Passion commenced. In His love He gave to you, mortals, a treasure of which the angels of heaven envy you the possession. He gave you His adorable flesh and blood to eat and drink. Even the love which He bore for man, was then mixed with sorrow. He knew that one was present who received His gifts unworthily, and that many more were to follow in the footsteps of that one, Judas." We next went to Gethsemani, that lonely garden which witnessed the anguish and bloody sweat of Jesus. The angel prostrated himself on the spot where our Saviour gave us an example of obedience to the Holy will, when He uttered these words: "Father, Father, if it is Thy will, let this chalice pass away from Me, but not My will but Thine be done." The angel arose and we followed the route which the multitude took, when they dragged our Redeemer from the garden, and led him through the streets of Jerusalem, to the house of Pilate. Next we visited the place where stood the Pillar at which our Saviour was scourged. The angel kissed the spot again and again. We then went to the hall where Jesus was clothed in purple and crowned with thorns. Here I imagined I heard voices, long since dead, calling Jesus, in mocking tones, the king of the Jews. I thought I yet heard the blows and curses lavished upon Him, still ringing throughout the hall. We now proceeded to the court in which Jesus was condemned to death, amidst the cries of the Jews; "Crucify Him, Crucify Him." Methought I saw the coward Pilate signing the death warrant and washing his trembling fingers in water, to signify that he was innocent of the blood of Jesus. Then I heard the multitude crying: "Let His blood be upon us and our children." How well their curse has been fulfilled, the world can testify. My companion interrupted my thoughts by exclaiming: "O mortal, remember that although you may try to quiet your conscience with outward signs and mere words, there is a God who will chastise you for your misdeeds. Remember also to weigh well the words you are

about to utter, for they may become realized. We next followed the road taken by Jesus from the court to Calvary. My companion sang the *Stabat Mater* in a most doleful voice, and at the different stations he knelt and prayed. When we arrived on Calvary we prostrated ourselves on the spot where the God-Man consummated our redemption. We had remained there some minutes, when the angel arose and thus apostrophised Calvary: "O Calvary, consecrated art thou with the blood of the only living God, blessed with the tears of His divine Mother and hallowed by the footsteps of the Apostles. What wonderful deeds have been enacted upon thy summit!" Then turning to me he said: "See, O mortal, what the wickedness of men has caused. They once crucified a God on Calvary; they crucify Him daily in their corrupted hearts. They nail Him not to the cross, but to their sinful souls. Every time they transgress His laws they cause His blood to flow, not on the soil of Calvary, but into a soil of sin and corruption. They caused seven swords to pierce the heart of His Virgin Mother; she who is their intercessor before the throne of God. What was most excruciating to our God on the cross, was the thought that for many His death was useless. He looked far into the future, and there beheld with inexpressible woe, all the crimes that were to be committed, and the thousands of souls who were to be damned. When dying He still remembered men, and gave to them His divine Mother to be their Mother." When the angel had finished speaking, we went to the Holy Sepulchre and prostrated ourselves in it. Here we adored for I know not how long; when looking up, I could see my companion nowhere; yet I knew that he was still near me, although invisible. I found myself sitting in my chair, and my history lying on the floor. My dream made such an impression on me that I resolved to follow the path pointed out to me by our Saviour, and I entered a Franciscan monastery, where I have remained for the last twenty years.

J. E.

WE have noticed with regret many typographical errors in our last issue, and we will take occasion of this, to urge upon those who have to set our publication into types the necessity of giving it a fair share of attention.

ERRATUM.—In the last number, page 5, 1st column, line 8, read 18,500 (or more accurately 18,563) miles, instead of 11,500 miles.

The Classics Ventilated.

A TALE OF INDECISION.

In tempus old a homo lived
Qui loved puellas deux;
He ne pouvait pas quite to say
Which he amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin,
"Non possum both avoir;
Sed si malim Samantha Ann,
Then Kate and I have war!"

Samantha habet argent coin
Sed Kate has aureas curls,
Et both sunt very agathal
Et quite formosae girls.

Enfin the youthful anthropos
Philown the duo-maids
Resolved proponere to Kate
Avant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Samantha there
Kai quite forgets his late resolve—
Both are so goodly fair.

Sad kneeling on the new tapis
Between puellas twain
Coepit to tell his flame to Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais glancing ever et anon
At fair Samantha's eyes
Illae non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the dernier vow
With cheeks as rouge as wine,
And, off'ring each a milk-white hand
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein!"

Euglossian.

The readers of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR will doubtless be glad to hear of the successful efforts of the new Elocutionary Society, better known as the Euglossian.

This enterprising Society is now under the direction of one of the ablest elocutionists in the house, and consists of, undoubtedly, the elocutionary talent of the College.

The system under which their exercises are conducted is indeed a great improvement on those adopted by similar societies.

Two of the members act as Critics. These young men were selected on account of their thorough knowledge of the elocutionary art.

We hope the Society much success, and doubt not that they will soon supplant our Dramatic Society.

E. BENISSIMO.

LOCAL.

Association of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame.

On the 8th inst., in the President's parlor, was held a meeting of the resident Alumni of Notre Dame. The meeting was called to order by the president of the University officiating as chairman. On motion of Prof. William Ivers, A. M., M. T. Corby was chosen Secretary *pro tem*.

The President then appointed a committee consisting of Rev. N. H. Gillespie, Professors Howard, Lyons, Stace and Baasen, to discuss and submit at the next meeting, to be held at 9 o'clock A. M., April 15th, to answer the following questions which appeared in No. 20 of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR for 1867-8:

1st. What shall be the name of the proposed Association?

2d. What are to be the conditions of membership?

3d. What shall be its object?

4th. How often shall regular meetings be held? etc.

After ordering the minutes of the meeting to be printed in THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, and a copy to be sent to each of the Graduates, the meeting, on motion, adjourned.

M. T. CORBY, Sec. *pro tem*.

THE First of April was signalized by more ludicrous occurrences than had come to light at the time of our last issue. A graceless scamp presented himself, it is said, before the chief equerry of the establishment, with a spurious message purporting to come from no less a personage than the Rev. President, and demanding the instant attachment of "Black Hawk" to the College "*curriculum*." What the feelings of poor "Black Hawk" were, on hearing the news that he was to enter on his course, and pursue his onward way towards the goal of graduation in the blue and shadowy distance, may be better imagined than described. As it was, the equerry aforesaid, gleaming what little sense he could from the message, put the horse into his accustomed harnessings, and was proceeding to bring him round for the accommodation of Father Superior, when the shout of "April fool" (uttered with much chuckling and some trepidation from a sufficiently inaccessible position in the vicinity) awakened

him to a sense of the vanity of his labors, and the emptiness of worldly things in general, and in particular of the skulls of some graceless scamps around the College.

Mrs. Partington in the Logic Class.

Just as she entered, a student, being engaged in defending a thesis, put his proposition into the following form:

Maj.—Those whose eyes are weak and watery should wear spectacles.

Min.—Codfish have watery eyes.

Conc.—Therefore codfish should wear spectacles.

"What do you think of that syllogism, Mrs. Partington?" enquired the Professor.

"I think it is a very silly gism indeed, sir. Although, to be sure, some of the codfish aristocracy do put on airs, and there's no standing their impudence since the war, and the petroleum and these other new circumventions."

"But did you notice anything objectionable in the premises?"

"Well, not exactly. I took notice, as I was coming in, that you were fixing up the premises some. Of course it must be expected that they will look a little discumportionate for a few days, but when your park is all growed up with trees and other ornamental obstructions, it will be a great improvement, no doubt."

Editorial Corps.

At the last regular meeting of the Notre Dame Editorial Corps, the following resolutions were adopted:

Articles for publication in THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR *must* be received before Wednesday noon, otherwise no attention will be paid to them.

No article received for publication will be returned.

Society reports—except semi-annual—of more than half a column will not be published.

If any contributor becomes unjustly offended because his or her article is not published, no article from this person shall, (during the remainder of the Scholastic Session,) be received by any of the editors for publication.

No attention will be paid to articles written with lead-pencils.

ADDITIONAL LIST OF STUDENTS N. DAME.

MARCH 28th.

Charles Jevne, Chicago, Ill.
Wm. Hoynes, La Crosse, Wis.

APRIL 8th.

Edgar Taylor, Logansport, Ind.
Alonzo Augustus Minnich, Pierceton, Ind.

APRIL 10th.

Marks Beatus, Memphis, Tenn.

Tables of Honor.

Week ending April 3d.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

T. Cunnea, F. W. Pape, A. Owen, C. Hertich,
Wm. Stace, Wm. Rhodes, J. Rogers, E. Downey
and George Yeakel.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Alber, A. Cable, Jas. Wilson, J. Murray, E.
Bahm, J. Broderick, J. Flanigen, H. Eisenman,
J. Schmelz and Daniel Egan.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. Cooney, J. Chandonai, E. Haydel, F. Hunt,
G. Terrell and O. Tong.

Week ending April 10th.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Buddeke, John Grogan, Joseph Lafferty, P.
Rhodes, J. C. McBride, Silas Teats, Perry Weaver,
F. Holeman, C. Ogle and William O'Donnell.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

H. Beakey, C. Walters, D. Bell, Joseph Ogle,
V. Hackman, Joseph Campbell, E. Callahan, J.
Coppinger, J. Ryan and H. Falkenbach.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

A. Baader, D. Dooney, G. J. Gross, H. Holeman,
F. Reid and M. Smyth.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Moral Philosophy: W. T. Johnson.

Logic: S. B. Hibben, E. E. Hull, D. Clarke,
J. McBride.

Rhetoric: John P. Rogers, James Edwards,
Dennis Clarke, A. J. O'Reilly, William Walker,
Nathan Wood, Thomas Johnson, George Atkinson,

Rhetoric, 2nd Class: S. L. Moore, R. M. Short,
H. L. Eisenman, J. Gibbons, H. D. Rodman, M. C.
Peterson, Wm. Spalding, J. Ogle, P. McKeon,
J. H. Lecompte, A. B. White.

Grammar, 1st Class:—James Monroe, James
Dickinson, Joseph Winterbotham, T. Downing,
Henry Lenehan, W. McWhirt, F. Cousins, F. W.
Pape, C. J. Hertich, F. Crapser, J. B. Gaunt, J. S.
Gavitt, J. W. Murphy, John Albert, A. Hoffmann,
John Zahm, S. R. Anson.

Grammar, 2nd Class: J. Harrison, P. Michels,
W. Stace, H. Boardman, F. Holeman, M. S. Ryan,
C. H. Moore, George Yeakel, C. Fuhrer.

Grammar, 4th Class: J. A. Klar, C. F. Georges,
J. Garharstine.

Grammar, 3d Class: R. Callahan, P. Rhodes,
J. Duffey.

Grammar, 1st Class, Jr.: Edward Callahan,
John Coppinger, Carleton Sage, Horace Moody,
Thomas Lappin, Edward Bahm, Roscoe Brought-
ton, James Wilson.

Grammar, 2d Class, Jr.: D. S. Bell, V. Hack-
man, A. Cabel, C. Walters.

Grammar, 2d Class, 2d Div.: B. Heffernan, C.
Hutchings, C. Tierney.

French, 2d Class: J. Rogers, C. Ogle, J. Camp-
bell, F. Nicholas.

French, 3d Class: J. D. Lafferty, P. O'Connell,
F. Dwyer, C. Humbert, V. Hackman.

Penmanship, 1st Class: T. Downing, J. Vocke,
F. Crapser, W. P. Weaver, D. L. Brady, Joseph
D. Lafferty.

Penmanship, 2d Class: A. B. White, J. W. Mur-
phy, C. H. Moore, P. Rhodes, J. B. Gaunt, H. Bird.

Penmanship Jr.: J. Raggio, F. Kaiser, Charles
Tierney, J. Wilson, J. Crowley, Wm. Smith, Wm.
Reynolds, Wm. Dodge, Wm. Clarke, J. McGuire,
M. Brannock, Ed. Lafferty, D. S. Bell, C. O'Neil,
T. Duval, C. Walters, P. O'Connell, E. Benoist,
L. Wilson, R. Broughton, C. Duffy, J. Ryan, F.
Dwyer, T. Dooley.

Orthography, 1st Class Jr.: Jas. Ryan, Thomas
Lappin, Wm. Clarke, J. Alber, J. Nash, James
McGuire, A. Cabel.

Orthography, 2d Class, Jr.: J. McGinnis, D. S.
Bell, J. Dunn, E. Benoist, L. Wilson.

Orthography, 3d Class, Jr.: J. Campbell, C. J.
O'Neill, J. Doherty, J. Dinnen, G. Kurt, C. Enes,
G. Tobin, J. Krauth, J. Thompson, G. Baader.

Geography, Jr.: James Dooley, A. Trentman,
A. Cella.

As the SCHOLASTIC is being prepared for the
press, we have the pleasure of greeting a former
and esteemed Professor of the University, Paul
Broder, Jr., now on a visit to Notre Dame.

A FORTUNE SAVED.

Messrs. Editors: It is a common and, at the same time, a wise saying, that a dollar saved is two dollars made. Without entering upon a philosophical discussion of the exactness of this adage, I propose to illustrate the fact that a small amount saved each day will in a few years amount to a very large sum.

Suppose two young men at the age of twenty years; one of them begins to smoke, and with what he smokes himself, and what, through common politeness and sociability, he distributes to his friends, we will say that he consumes an average of six cigars each day, each cigar being worth five cents, (a respectable article cannot be had for less). A simple calculation will show that he expends each year, for this commodity, \$109.50. This would amount, in the course of forty years, or when this young man would be sixty, to \$4,380.00 of actual expenditure for cigars. But this is far from the real loss which he sustains, as will be clear from an examination of the course pursued by the other young man. He does not smoke, and consequently saves \$109.50 yearly of actual outlay. But he does something more; he places that \$109.50 at compound interest @ six per cent., adding to the principal at the end of each year, the \$109.50 saved. In forty years, or at the age of sixty, he will be worth (all else being equal) \$17,185.53 more than the man who smoked six cigars daily. By these figures, which are the result of a careful calculation, we see that the \$4,380.00 which the man saved, increased in forty years by the interest alone which it drew, without any extra labor to its owner, almost four-fold. Hence the adage: "A dollar saved is two dollars made," is more than verified. We also learn from this another important fact, that besides the loss of time and the detriment to physical and intellectual vigor, which the habitual smoker suffers, the indulgence of his perverted appetite for this pernicious narcotic is very expensive, and must deprive those of ordinary means, (and they are by far the most numerous class,) of many enjoyments, at once more rational, more pleasurable, and more elevating. It deprives them of the means of bestowing that charity on the indigent, which is a portion of every Christian's duty, and which brings with it a pleasure far exceeding that produced by the fumes of tobacco. It renders them less agreeable and often offensive in company, especially in the company of ladies. In fine it

unfits them, more or less according to the extent of their indulgence, for the appreciation and enjoyment of those natural and social pleasures which constitute the temporal happiness of man. Let the young, then, reflect before they contract a habit so detrimental in every respect.

Some may be curious to know how much time is wasted in smoking, and how long a cigar the aggregate amount smoked would make. Well, allowing five inches to be the length of a cigar, the amount smoked, at six cigars a day, would make a cigar $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and allowing twenty minutes to smoke a common cigar, it would require three years and nearly four months, constantly "on the puff," to smoke this seven-mile cigar.

Now, supposing that a man can read profitably fifty pages of ordinary book size in one hour, he might read during those three years and four months, which he would otherwise waste in smoke, 1,458,000 pages; or, allowing five hundred pages to a volume, 2,916 volumes, and the application necessary to read this amount, would be, by no means, as injurious to the reader as if he spent the same time smoking. Some may say that they can read and smoke at the same time, but experience shows that the majority of smokers do not read while smoking; in fact, they would not "enjoy their smoke" if they did; and science and the personal experience of the writer of this article, go to prove that even if they do read during their "smoke," they do not profit by their reading, at least not nearly as much as if they did not cloud their brain with tobacco smoke. Let those, then, who desire to cultivate their minds, and render themselves acceptable within the refined circles of society, give this subject serious consideration, before they cultivate a taste which will be a serious obstacle to the attainment of their laudable desire.

PHILONEOTES.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have just accidentally seen a copy of a weekly journal, entitled the *Gazette of Two-Penny Club*, published by the Philodemic Society of the University. It is a neat, handsome and spiritedly-edited publication. Its articles are lively, humorous, instructive, and sometimes critical. It will wield a powerful influence in the cause of liberal education. We hope it will have a large circulation. Why are not some of its interesting articles copied into THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR?

L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ARRIVALS.

April 2d.

Miss Bridget Moriarty, Ottawa, Illinois.
 " Bessie Millington, Constantine, Mich.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses K. Doran, C. and L. Plimpton, E. Crouch, Rosanna Mukautz, Anna Cunnea, Amanda Sissons, E. Howard, S. Gleeson, K. Connor, Leonena and Louisa Leoni.

Junior Department.—Misses M. Shirland, J. and M. Walker, Helen Sprochnle, Mary O'Meara, M. Clark, Adelaide Metzger, A. Byrnes, F. Butters.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses M. Tripp, H. Brooks, Lula Murray, Florence Alspaugh.

First Senior Class.—Misses Kate Livingston, L. and L. Tong, Agnes Ewing, Laura Lewis, J. Arrington, C. Wolf.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, E. Ewing, Mary Carraber, F. North, Mary Morrill, Virginia Brown, L. McMauman, Frances Gittings, Emma Conan, Christina Thompson, T. Stapleton, A. Tarrant, Ophelia Brady.

Third Senior Class.—Misses N. Thompson, M. Toberty, K. Carpenter, W. Corby, Clara Foote, H. Niel, Virginia Murray, Augusta Sturgis, B. Gardener.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses M. and L. Cummerford, Mary Simms, A. Wily, Josephine and Esther Lonergan, Julia Gittings, M. Hally, Mary Oechtering.

Sunday evening, at the distribution of Points, the following compositions were read: "Dare to be true," by Miss Florence Alspaugh, of the Graduating Class; "Inattention," by Miss Sarah Gleeson, of the Third Senior Class; and "The Danger of Disobedience," by little Lizzie Niel of the First Intermediate Class. The last named production elicited the admiration and merriment of all who were assembled in the Study Hall.

SELF-RESPECT.

Self-respect is not self-conceit. It is rather that dignity of character which causes one to spurn a mean action, to scorn neglect of duty, and it imparts the disposition to perform noble deeds. Self-esteem is a too exalted opinion of self. It is the fruit of vanity and pride. We should discourage this temper of mind, but should cultivate self-respect, for the purpose of maintaining a good reputation. The individual who is self-conceited often scruples not to commit bad actions, and in some instances people possessing

this unfortunate trait even boast of the conduct for which they should blush for shame. On the contrary, one possessed of self-respect regards a crime as no less criminal, though committed in secret and unknown to any mortal. To him an injustice is no less an injustice though he who suffers it may not be aware from what source it originates, for he esteems a clear conscience as the greatest prize that can belong to him, and he thoroughly appreciates the difference between a clear conscience, and one blunted or seared by habits of vice, injustice and crime.

Self-respect always keeps one in the right place, no matter what unforeseen event may occur. It promotes self-reliance and self-possession. In school it exacts the admiration of all; at home it wins and sustains affection. It is a passport where wealth, talent and beauty, are often looked upon as gilded pretension. Very few, however, are blessed with this admirable qualification; but those who are, command a treble amount of esteem on account of the rarity of the virtue.

Few have the self-respect to prevent them from indulging in the spirit of disobedience; but some there are who courageously refuse to infringe the rules—to speak in time of silence, to idle their time away, or to encourage censorious or unworthy conversation. They cherish too high a sense of honor to disregard the order of an institution themselves, or to induce others to do so. They will not enter forbidden places, nor will they be betrayed into speaking disrespectfully to, or of those who are placed in charge of them, for self-respect promotes courtesy of manner, and imparts a grace and sincerity that is far above mere polish. It prevents one from endeavoring to render one's self conspicuous. It destroys the desire to absorb the attention of others, because a sense of propriety and the dictates of charity confer upon him a delicate tact in promoting the happiness of others. He will naturally strive to draw others out, and to make all feel at their ease, whether they chance to be agreeable to him or not.

Self-respect stimulates the desire to cultivate the mind, because it creates a religious esteem for every gift bestowed by God on His creatures: in short, it seems to be a principle almost always accompanied by gratitude to our Creator, and is a graceful combination of the three theological virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, which impress and diffuse a constant remembrance of the presence of God.

ROSANNA MUKAUTZ.